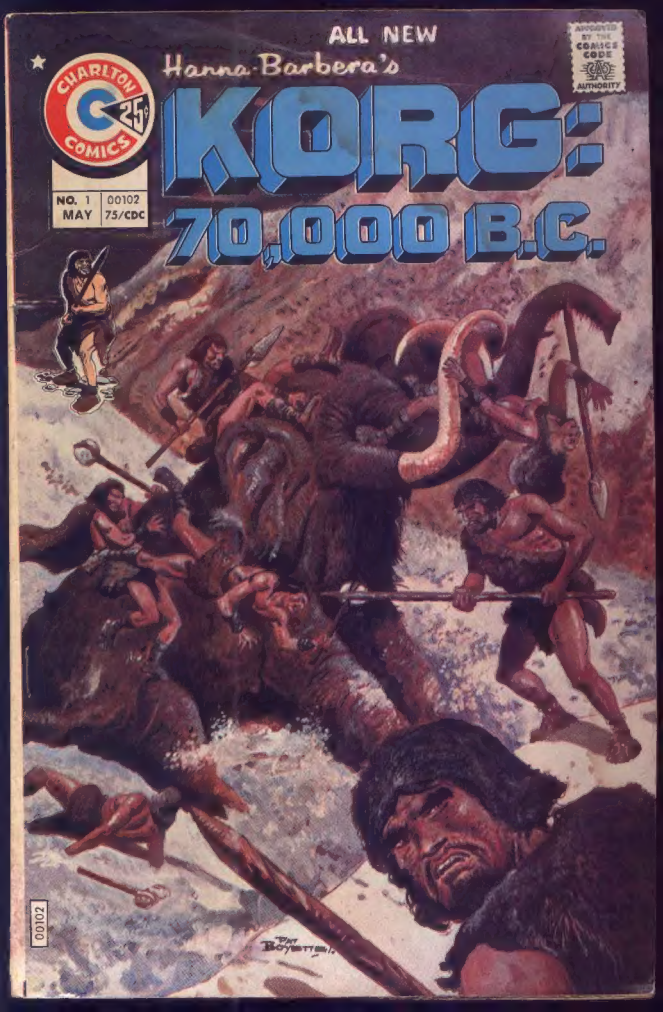
ALL NEW
Hanna-Barbera's
KORG:
70,000 B.C.
CHARLTON COMICS
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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
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Hanna-Barbera's
KORG:
70,000 B.C.
SILENTLY, KORG LOOKED LONG INTO THE CHILLING DUSK- UNMINDFUL OF THE INVITING AROMA OF ROASTING BEAR THAT WAFTED FROM THE CAVE! HIS THOUGHTS WERE ON BOK, AND WHY HE HAD NOT RETURNED FROM THE HUNT....
EDITOR GEORGE WILDMAN
SCRIPT & ART BY PAT BOYETTE
P-6768
THE WAIT WILL NOT BE SHORTER IN THE COLD WHEN THERE IS FOOD AND A FIRE INSIDE!
YES, MARA! (SIGH)
1.

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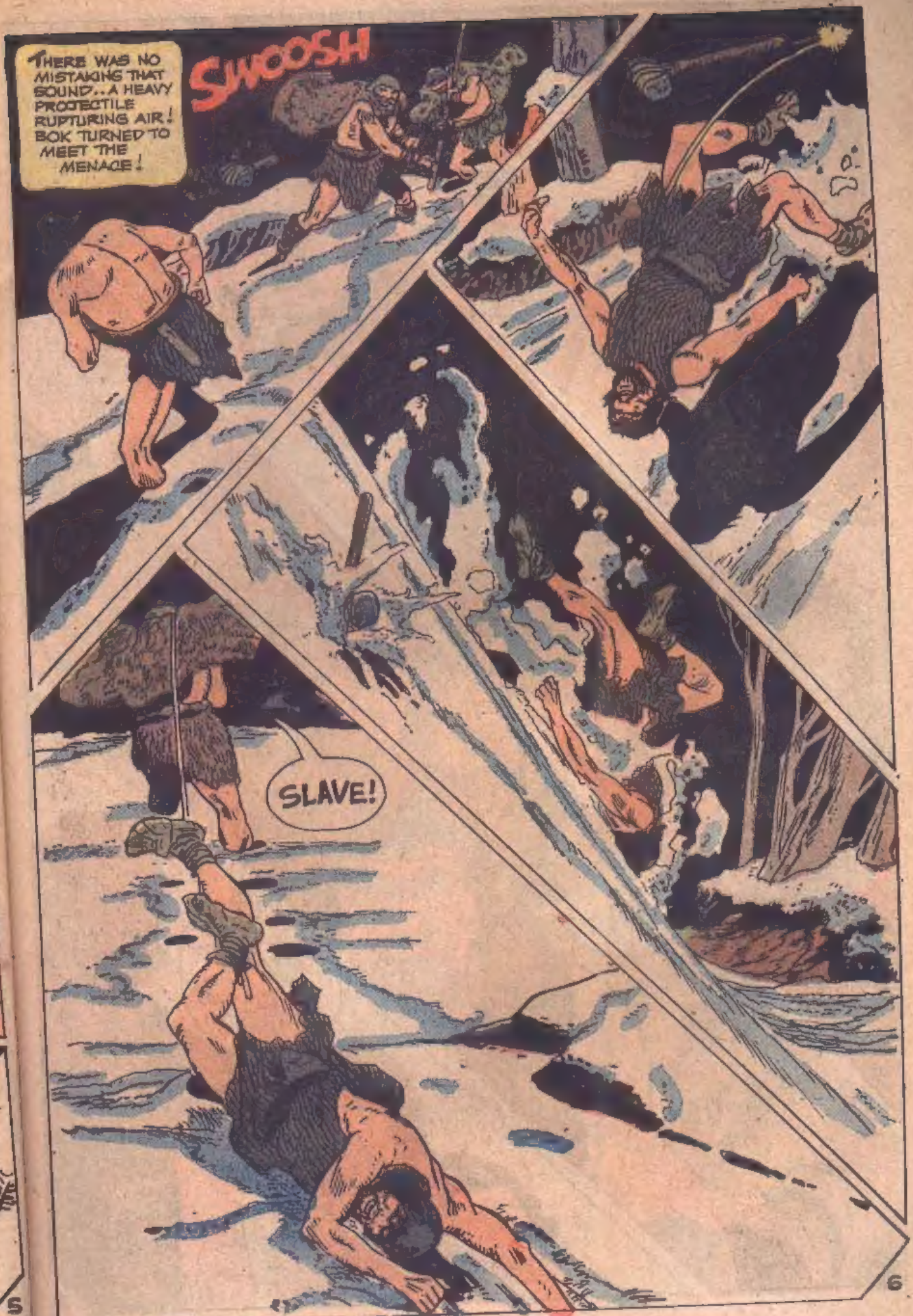
STILL YOU DO NOT EAT! BOK HAS BEEN LATE FROM THE HUNT BEFORE, KORG!
I KNOW!
BUT THIS TIME IT IS DIFFERENT! THIS TIME BOK WENT TOWARD THE LAND OF THE SNOW FOREST! THERE ARE MANY DANGERS THERE!
BOK KNEW OF THE DANGERS..BUT THE TRACK OF THE BEAR WAS FRESH AND HE HOPED TO CLAIM THE GAME WITHOUT GOING TOO DEEP INTO THE FEARSOME WOODS..
BEAR IS VERY CLOSE..I CAN SMELL HIM NOW!
MUST BE QUICK AND TRUE WITH MY SPEAR..MUST..
Hanna-Barbera's
KORG: THE SNOW PEOPLE!

GRRRR
AIEEE!
WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, BOK HURLS THE SPEAR AT THE VICIOUS ANIMAL...
MUST NOT MISS!
AS IF BRUSHING ASIDE AN IRRITATING GNAT, THE GIANT BEAST DEFLECTS THE WEAPON...
THERE IS NO DOUBT IN BOK'S MIND THAT THE HUNTER HAS BECOME THE HUNTED!
NOW HE MUST ESCAPE THE BEAR'S DEATH HUG!
2.
3.

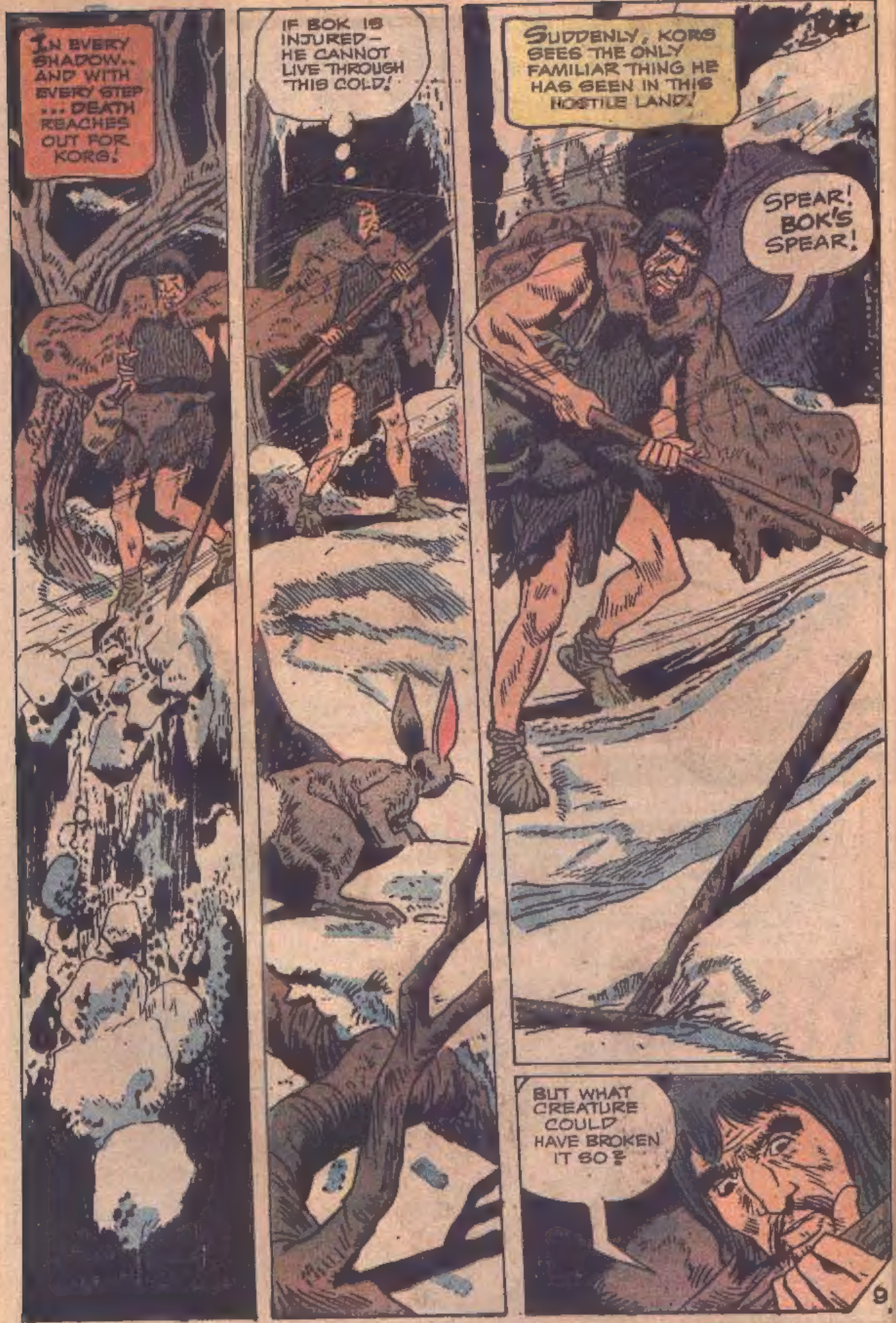
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

THE WORLD WAS SPINNING AND HIS EVERY BONE ACHED. BUT BOK KNEW THAT DEATH WAS NOT IN THE SOFT, WHITE SNOW!
SUDDENLY, THE PAIN WAS FORGOTTEN AS BOK BECAME AWARE OF SILENT, SINISTER SHADOWS!
SLAVE!
NO! BOK!
I AM BOK!
BOK DID NOT KNOW THE MEANING OF THAT WORD BUT IT HAD A FRIGHTENING SOUND AND HE WAS CERTAIN THAT THERE WAS EVIL HERE!
SLAVE!


THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THAT SOUND..A HEAVY PROJECTILE RUPTURING AIR! BOK TURNED TO MEET THE MENACE!
SWOOSH
SLAVE!

DAWN COMES HARD TO A WORRIED KORG FOR NOW HE KNOWS THAT TROUBLE HAS COME TO HIS BROTHER ..THAT BOK WILL NOT RETURN...
I WILL WAIT NO LONGER..I WILL GO TO THIS SNOW FOREST!
AND...YOU WILL NEED A STRONG ARM ..I WILL GO ALSO!
YOU WILL DO WHAT YOU MUST.. AND YOU WILL NEED A WARM SKIN!
AH!
THIS JOURNEY MAY BE LONG AND YOU WILL BE NEEDED HERE!

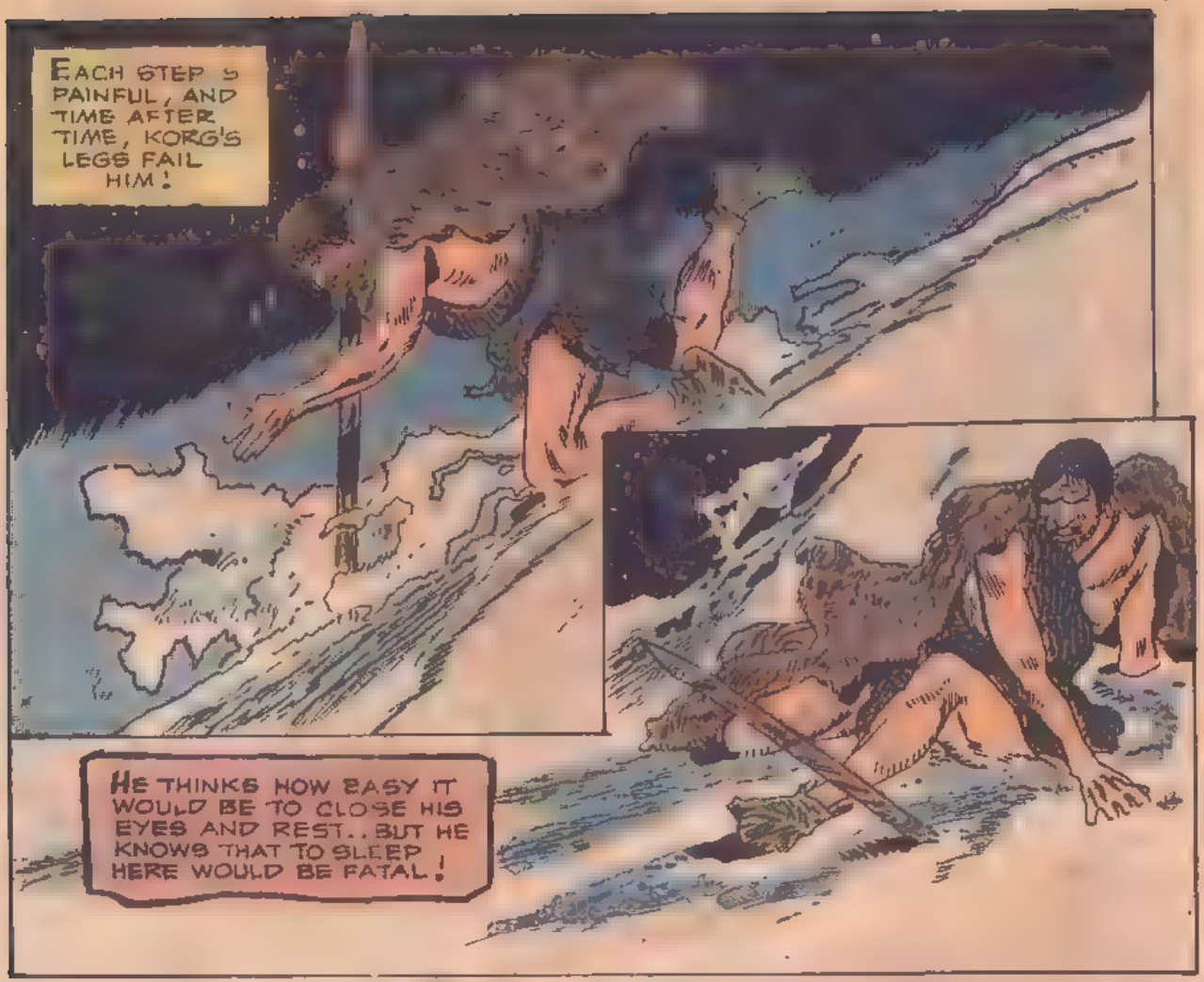
NO, TANE.. YOU WILL NOT GO!
KORG..I GIVE YOU MY BEST THROWING STONE!
AS KORG GIVES A DEPARTING WAVE, HE SOMEHOW KNOWS THAT MANY DAYS WILL PASS BEFORE HE SEES THIS FAMILY AGAIN!
THE ICY WIND, BLOWING THROUGH THE SNOW FOREST, STUNS LIKE THE BLUDGEON OF AN AX —AND KORG BECOMES KEENLY AWARE OF THE ODDS AGAINST HIS FINDING BOK IN THIS DARK PLACE!


IN EVERY SHADOW... AND WITH EVERY STEP ... DEATH REACHES OUT FOR KORG!
IF BOK IS INJURED— HE CANNOT LIVE THROUGH THIS COLD!
SUDDENLY, KORG SEES THE ONLY FAMILIAR THING HE HAS SEEN IN THIS HOSTILE LAND!
SPEAR! BOK'S SPEAR!
BUT WHAT CREATURE COULD HAVE BROKEN IT SO?

KORG KNOWS THAT SOME MIGHTY BEAST IS LURKING IN THE FROZEN NIGHT AND HE MUST BE ON GUARD...
BUT THE FIRE IS WARM - KORG IS WEARY AND HIS LIDS ARE HEAVY...
!
GRRRRR
BEAR WOUNDED!
9.
10

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

IF BEAR DOES NOT DIE - THEN HE MAY COME BACK.. AND I HAVE NO SPEAR!
THERE WOULD BE LITTLE SLEEP THIS NIGHT - KORG HAD TO FASHION A NEW WEAPON!
AT DAWN, KORG WAS AGAIN PUSHING THE SEARCH FOR BOK! SOON THE FOREST ENDED, AND THE TREES GAVE WAY TO A FROZEN, BLEAK WILDERNESS!
THE FREEZING WIND CUT TO THE BONE, AND KORG WONDERED HOW MUCH HE COULD STAND!
FOR A BRIEF SECOND.. HE THOUGHT HE COULD SEE THE BEAR TRAILING HIM!
MY EYES PLAY GAMES!

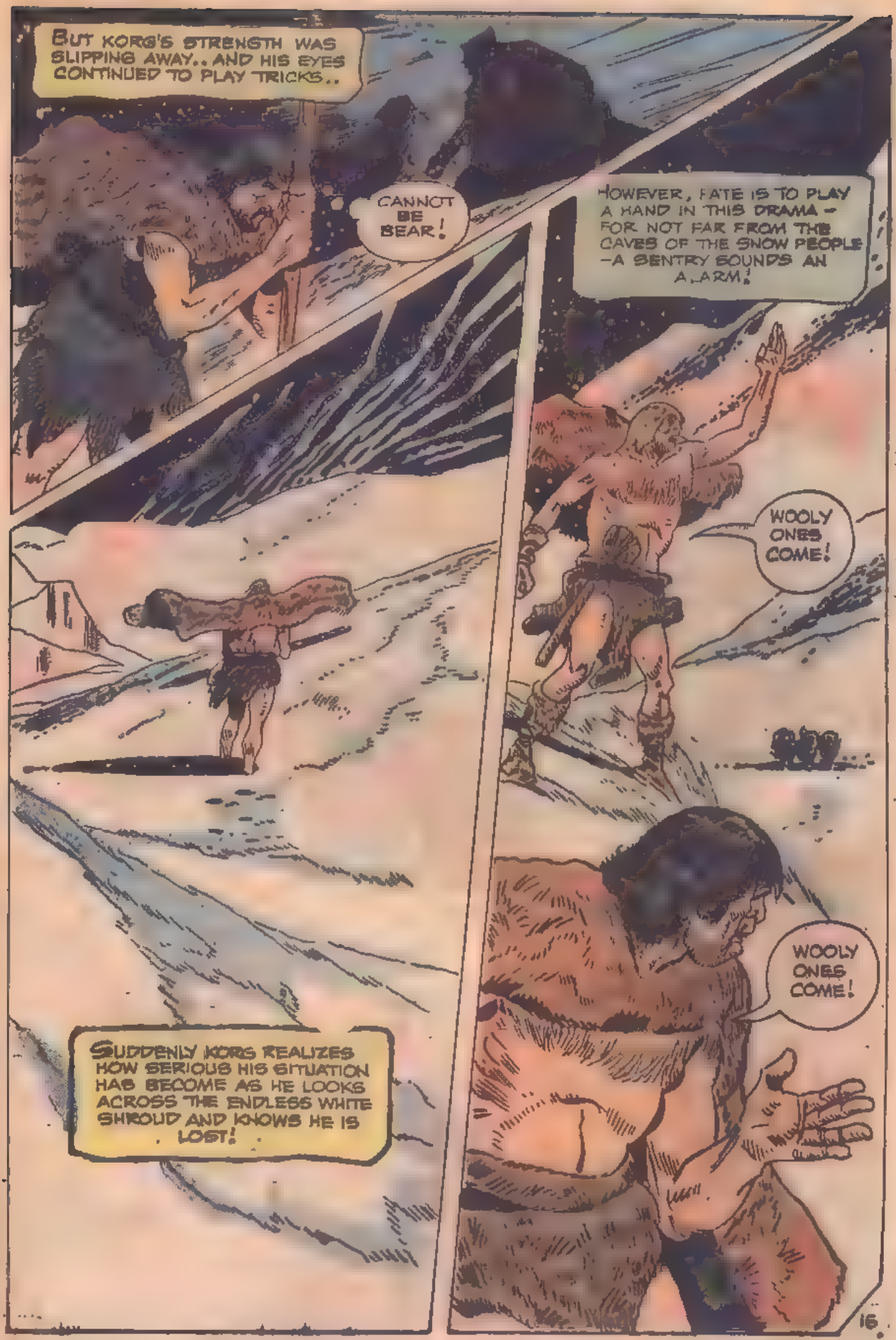

EACH STEP IS PAINFUL, AND TIME AFTER TIME, KORG'S LEGS FAIL HIM!
HE THINKS HOW EASY IT WOULD BE TO CLOSE HIS EYES AND REST.. BUT HE KNOWS THAT TO SLEEP HERE WOULD BE FATAL!

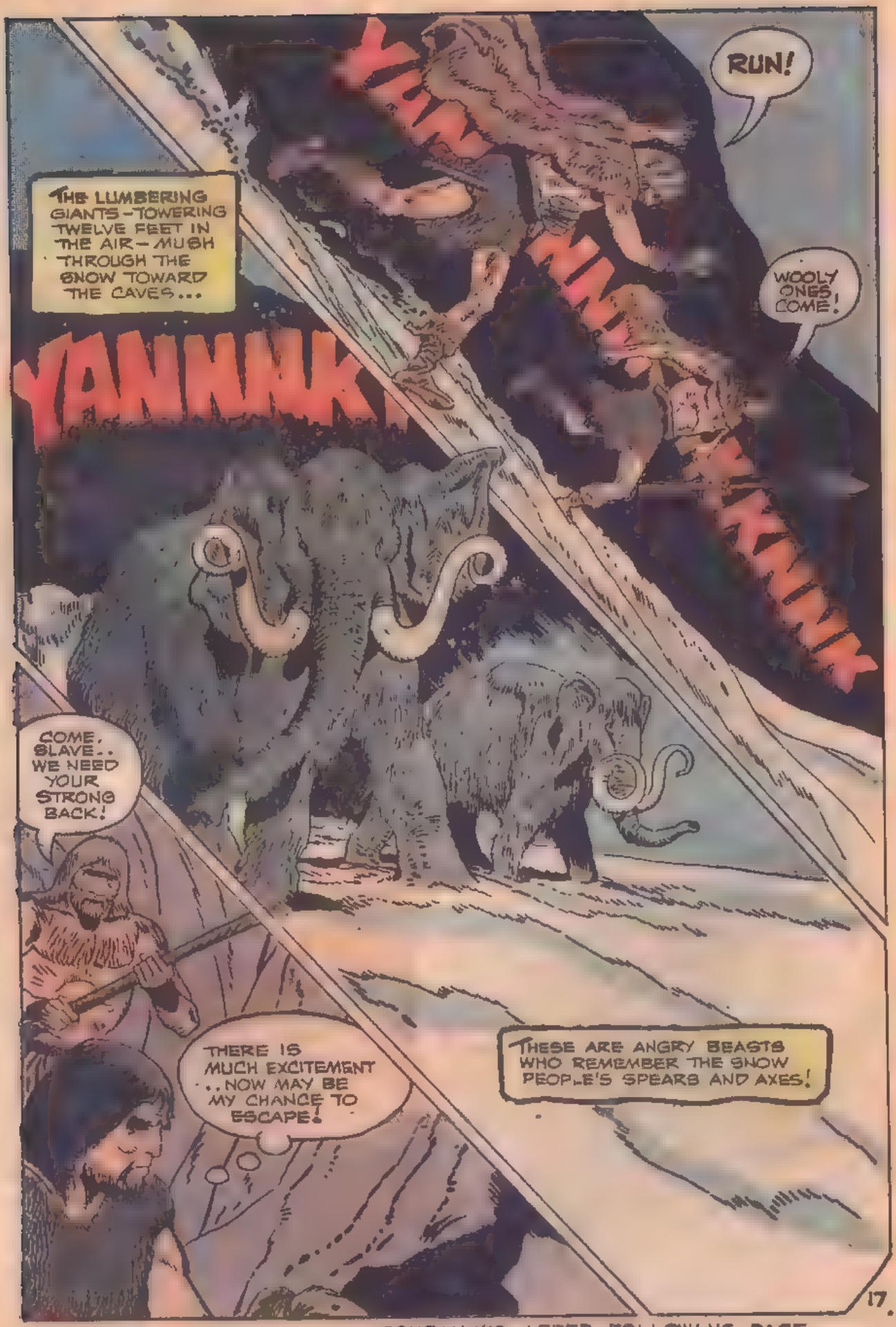
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

BOK HAD WELL LEARNED THE MEANING OF THE WORD 'SLAVE' AND SOMEHOW HE MUST ESCAPE THESE CRUEL MEN WHO LIVED IN THE SNOW!
MOVE FASTER, SLAVE!
YOU EAT NOW!
MORE RAW MEAT!

I WILL NOT EAT RAW MEAT AGAIN!
HAHA.... SLAVE EAT, BURN MEAT!
YOU EAT!
IS GOOD!
... YOU TEACH WOMEN HOW TO BURN MEAT.
THEY LEARN FAST!

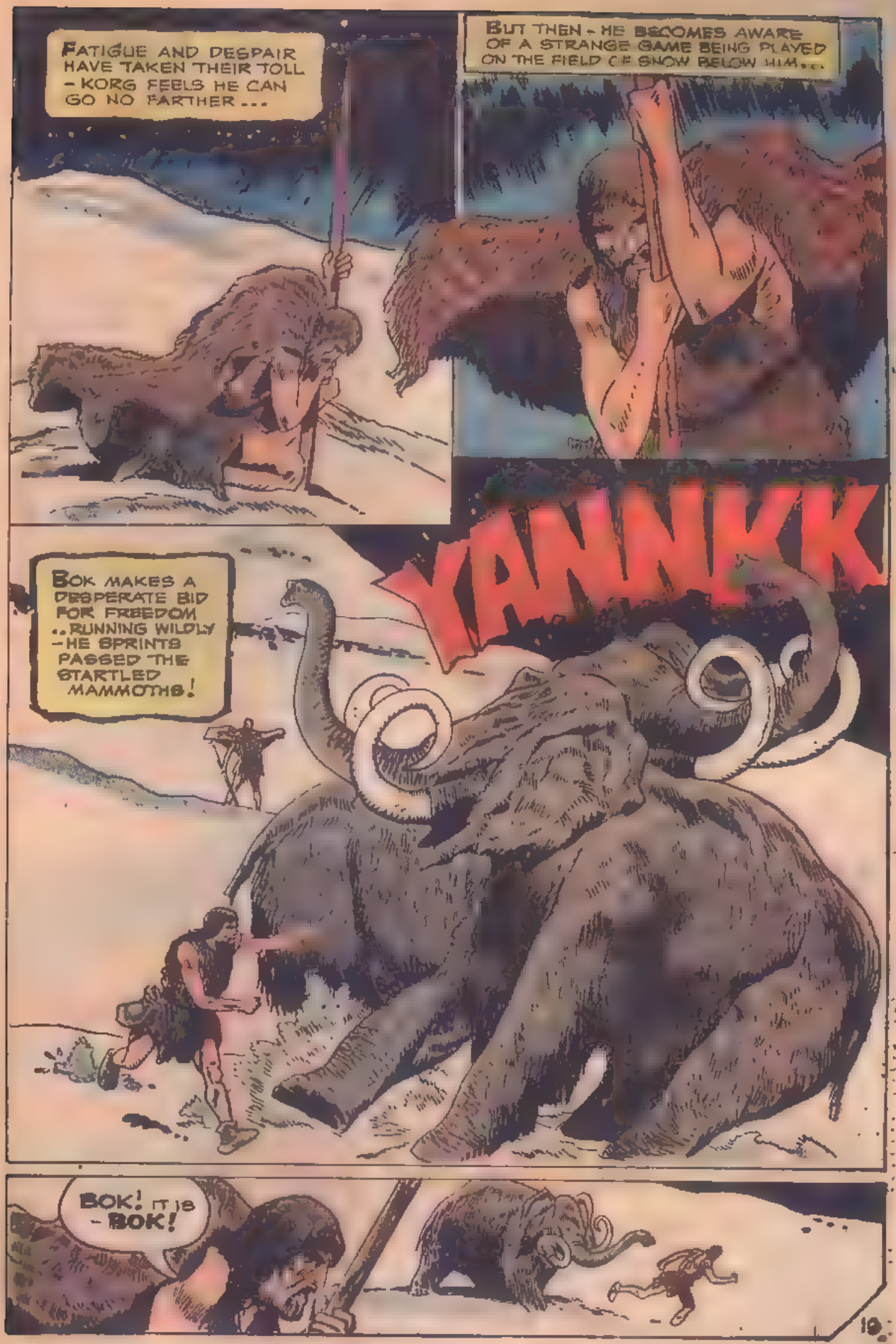
THIS WAS BOK'S OPPORTUNITY TO OBTAIN THE FOOD HE WOULD NEED FOR HIS ESCAPE.
GO AWAY!
HE COULD USE AN AX .. BUT EYES WERE WATCH - ING!
AND KORG, BOK KNEW THAT SOMEWHERE IN THAT SEA OF ICE AND SNOW, HIS BROTHER WAS SEARCHING...
NOW HIS THOUGHTS WERE OF HIS OWN FAMILY AND HE WAS DETERMINED TO RETURN TO THEM!


BUT KORG'S STRENGTH WAS SLIPPING AWAY.. AND HIS EYES CONTINUED TO PLAY TRICKS..
CANNOT BE BEAR!
HOWEVER, FATE IS TO PLAY A HAND IN THIS DRAMA — FOR NOT FAR FROM THE CAVES OF THE SNOW PEOPLE —A SENTRY SOUNDS AN ALARM!
WOOLY ONES COME!
WOOLY ONES COME!
SUDDENLY KORG REALIZES HOW SERIOUS HIS SITUATION HAS BECOME AS HE LOOKS ACROSS THE ENDLESS WHITE SHROUD AND KNOWS HE IS LOST!


RUN!
YANNAK
YANNAK
YANNAK
WOOLY ONES COME!
THE LUMBERING GIANTS—TOWERING TWELVE FEET IN THE AIR—MUSH THROUGH THE SNOW TOWARD THE CAVES...
COME, SLAVE.. WE NEED YOUR STRONG BACK!
THERE IS MUCH EXCITEMENT ..NOW MAY BE MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
THESE ARE ANGRY BEASTS WHO REMEMBER THE SNOW PEOPLE'S SPEARS AND AXES!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

WOOLY ONES COME TO KILL US!
WHY?
BECAUSE WE HAVE NO SACRIFICE TO GIVE THEM...
..UNTIL NOW!
SLAVE MAKE GOOD SACRIFICE... MAKE WOOLY ONES HAPPY.. NO KILL SNOW PEOPLE...
BRUTALLY, BOK IS THROWN FROM THE CAVE! WITH SPEARS TO HIS BACK, HE HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO FACE THE AWESOME MAMMOTHS..
THERE IS NOWHERE TO TURN FOR HELP!
HEINAN


FATIGUE AND DESPAIR HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL - KORG FEELS HE CAN GO NO FARTHER...
BUT THEN - HE BECOMES AWARE OF A STRANGE GAME BEING PLAYED ON THE FIELD OF SNOW BELOW HIM...
YANNKK
BOK MAKES A DESPERATE BID FOR FREEDOM .. RUNNING WILDLY - HE SPRINTS PASSED THE STARTLED MAMMOTHS!
BOK! IT IS - BOK!

THE EXCITEMENT OF FINDING BOK SENDS NEW STRENGTH THROUGH KORG'S CHILLED BODY!
BOK! HERE!
THE VICIOUS BEAST SHOWS AMAZING SPEED - AND IN A SECOND, BOK IS SWEPT FROM HIS FEET...
HANG ON, BOK.. I'M COMING!
BUT THE GREAT BULL IS DETERMINED TO MAKE BOK A VICTIM...

DESPERATELY, KORG TRIES TO PUNCTURE THE MAMMOTH'S TOUGH HIDE...
KORG'S PUNY EFFORT IS STOPPED SHORT BY A STUNNING BLOW FROM THE MASSIVE TRUNK!
KORG IS CERTAIN THAT THIS IS THE MOMENT FOR DEATH - BUT..
..THE KILLER GIANT SEEMS SUDDENLY PARALYZED BY THE SOUND OF A FAMILIAR ROAR...
KORG AND BOK ARE FORGOTTEN AS THE MAMMOTH TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THIS NEW INTRUDER...
GRRRR
BEAR!

RUN, BOK.. THIS IS OUR CHANCE!
NOT UNTIL EXHAUSTION FORCES THEM TO THE GROUND DO THEY GIVE A BACKWARD LOOK...
BEAR WILL LOSE!
BEAR WILL WIN!
THE SNOW PEOPLE ARE FURIOUS AS THEY WATCH KORG AND BOK DISAPPEAR IN THE DISTANT HILLS...
THEY ESCAPE!
BUT WE DARE NOT FOLLOW! THE WOOLY ONES ARE STILL AT OUR CAVE!
ALTHOUGH BATTERED AND BRUISED, THE TWO BROTHERS HAPPILY BEGIN THE LONG JOURNEY HOME FOR THEY KNOW THAT A WARM CAVE AND WARM SMILES ARE WAITING!
THE END

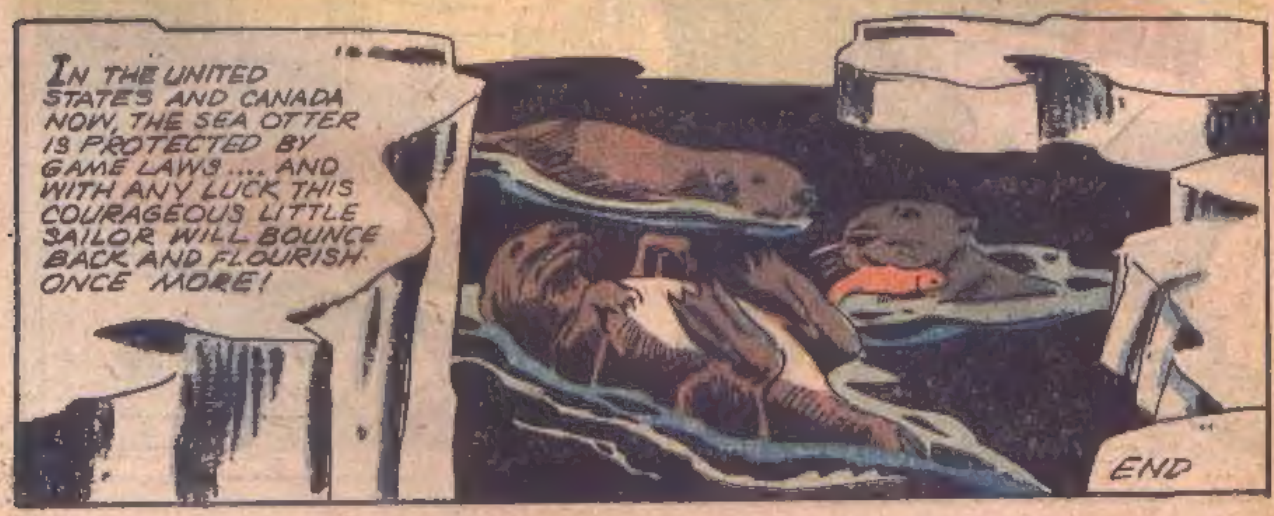
The SEA OTTER
ONE OF THE MOST INTELLIGENT AND PLAYFUL CREATURES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM IS THE SEA OTTER... A MEMBER OF THE WEASEL FAMILY WHO LIVES CHIEFLY ON THE SHORES OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC OCEAN! THIS FAST AGILE CREATURE LIVES CHIEFLY ON SHELLFISH AND SMALL FISH!
THE SEA OTTER HAS BEEN WIDELY HUNTED FOR HIS HIGHLY PRIZED, HIGH PRICED FUR.... ONCE THEY WERE ABUNDANT, BUT TODAY THEY ARE... ALMOST EXTINCT!
THOUGH THE SEA OTTER IS BASICALLY A LAND ANIMAL, HE MAY SWIM FAR OUT TO SEA.... SLEEPING AT NIGHT WHILE FLOATING ON HIS BACK!
PERLIN ALASCIA
D-1250

SEA OTTERS HAVE WEBBED FEET AND SHARP CLAWS! USUALLY, THEY PREFER SHELLFISH OF ALL KINDS AND SEA URCHINS!

SEA OTTERS IN CAPTIVITY ARE READILY TAMED AND SEEM TO ENJOY HUMAN COMPANY....

ONCE TAMED, THEY NEED NO RESTRAINT....

THE OTTER STILL HUNTS HIS OWN FOOD EVEN THOUGH HE'S TAME....


IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA NOW, THE SEA OTTER IS PROTECTED BY GAME LAWS.... AND WITH ANY LUCK THIS COURAGEOUS LITTLE SAILOR WILL BOUNCE BACK AND FLOURISH ONCE MORE!
END

The Birth of Man

In this comic book, we will read of the adventures of a prehistoric man, Korg, his family, and his friends. Survival for early man was a chancy thing. He did not possess fleetness of foot, his teeth were smaller than the saber-tooth tiger, his lesser speed than other creatures that existed when he first lumbered across the pages of history.

When Mother Nature had adapted other creatures to survive in their environment the way alligators and crocodiles are suited to the swamps and monkeys to life in the trees, man developed no *apparent* particular physical assets to enable him to defeat his many natural enemies except for one or two seemingly unimportant characteristics. First, he had a more highly developed brain. He could *reason*. In the beginning, this reasoning process was a slow, laborious thing but as generations passed, Dame Nature's system of survival of the fittest honed this ability to a finer edge. Thus, he learned that animals feared fire so Early Man used fire at night to keep the predators at bay. Man saw that sharp sticks could penetrate flesh, even tough animal hides. So he sharpened and hardened the sticks. He saw that longer sticks could hurt his prey while he himself remained out of reach of the claws so he perfected a spear.

Then, a frightened man-creature *hurled* his spear (earlier men had cast stones) and brought his quarry to earth. So throwing spears were made. We find evidence in the most primitive digs that Early Man sharpened hard stone into ax heads, spear points, and then arrowheads. Man used these weapons to slay the furred denizens of the forest. They carved the meat into edible portions with their edged tools. They shivered for untold thousands of years, burrowing like animals in leaves and shivering in the lee of icy winds before one enterprising biped drove a wild creature from his warm cave and discovered he liked it better in there. Also, he used fire to heat the cave. He hunted, ate, and slept; and one or two, then many, drew crude figures on the wall, recording the exploits of the mightiest hunters. These picture stories are still being found today, surprisingly well preserved.

Man was learning, paying dearly for the information he accumulated. At first man, like other animals, grunted displeasure or commands at each other. Then, they developed different sounds to enlarge their grunt vocabulary. Before long, they were yakking like crazy at each other. It hasn't been officially recorded but many scientists believe that the females of the species led the males in this area.

So, one man's early advantages was the ability to make tools and weapons. His cousins in the trees, the apes and monkeys, had very useful fingered paws with the fifth digit a useless appendage. This first digit became on man what is called a *thumb*. It enabled men to grasp objects tightly. To hurl objects accurately. To make weapons, crude stone vessels for cooking, tools for digging and cutting.

Man, the discoverer and keeper of fire, learned to sleep warm at night. Other creatures died in below-zero temperatures. Man moved into caves, built fires they kept going at night, and discovered a use for the inedible hides of the creatures they killed for food. They covered themselves with these animal hides and learned they kept them warm. So some enterprising forefather adapted the sleeping hide for daylight wear. He cut it here, pinned it there, and soon all well-dressed primitive men were running around wearing animal skins. The hides not only kept them warm but protected their comparitively thin hide from bites, scratches, and other abrasions.

Different bands of early men developed different sounds to communicate with each other. These were the first *languages*. One, remote from another, recorded events with different characters. Alphabets were created and one people could not understand or communicate with others.

But men began talking with other men, learning their systems of grunts etc., or using sign language. One boasted to another of how he had killed a mastoden or sabertoothed tiger. Another told how he had made a hide soft and pliable by scraping and rubbing with rock salt. Soon, there came to exist *a common pool of knowledge*. Man had not only learned to create and use tools, control his environment (by using caves for warmth, fire, and animal hides) but now he was sharing in the discoveries of other men. Although shorter of teeth, slower of foot, and less powerful than his enemies, man was beginning to emerge as the Supreme Killer, the ruler of his planet.

Now, man's major problem seems to be only to unlearn some of these deadly skills.